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have involved both in the same fate." And notwithstanding that a probable means referred to, in the publication we quote from, of tracing the catastrophe of La Perouse, has, in the present discovery, been totally disregarded and unanswered, not one of the "hundred silver and bronze, and six hundred other medals of different kinds," struck for the occasion, and taken out in *La Boussole* and *L'Astrolabe*, having been found by Captain Dillon, (and all cannot certainly be supposed to have been expended in the outward voyage;) yet we conceive Captain Dillon's object has been fully answered, for on his arrival at Mannicolo, he obtained such further testimony, as to corroborate his opinion, and remove all doubt upon this interesting question.

But a voyage of this kind naturally embraces other views, and may be made the medium of acquiring much valuable information; of this truth our author appears unhappily too little aware, judging from the large portion of his work occupied in absurd and irrelevant personal details. A certain Dr. Tytler accompanies the expedition, as naturalist; his objects are thus illustrated by the Chevalier. The Doctor was to have procured specimens for the Asiatic Society, and observed, "that it was immaterial whether it were clods of dried mud, or stones of any sort, so that he brought a large cargo, it would answer the purpose, as there was no person, he said, in the Asiatic Society, capable of judging as to their qualities."—Vol. I. p. 90. This must doubtless be highly gratifying information to the Society, coming from a quarter so authentic.

As an example of the author's peculiar notions of gratitude, we quote the following passage:—"The Doctor favored me with another long letter to-day, on the subject of holding examinations in his cabin, to which I had not time to reply; but I mentioned to my New-Zealand friends, that the Doctor wished to converse with them. They replied, we have seen the Doctor abuse you very much at Diamond Harbour; you are our friend and protector; you have brought us from our native country, over a sea three months' long, (referring to the length of the voyage from New Zealand,) and you have victualled and clothed us; you have also loaded us with presents to take to our country; you are the relation of our fathers and friends in New Zealand; we are therefore directed by our God to fight for you. These men that are not your friends cannot be ours. We will not speak to the Doctor, *we will kill and eat him, if he land in our country.*"

On hearing this plain statement, I did "not wish to force them to converse with the Doctor, knowing it to be useless; I, however, recommended them, for the sake of their New Zealand God, and all my friends and relations in their country, on no account to molest the Doctor; saying that if they did, Lord Combermere, who had behaved so kind [kindly] to them, and appointed this ship to carry them home, would be angry. The prince paid some attention to this remonstrance; but his excellency, Morgan M'Murragh, was inflexible in his resolution, and openly declared, that it was positively his intention, to have the poor Doctor grilled as an entertainment for his numerous wives and friends, the first opportunity that offered, after his arrival in the river Thames in New Zealand.

"I should not have mentioned this conversa-

tion, were it not that I wish to shew those in civilized life, what the poor, ignorant, and uncultivated savages of New Zealand are capable of doing, and how susceptible they are of the sentiment of gratitude."—Vol. I. p. 91, 92, 93.

At Hobart Town, where the vessel touches for supplies, the Captain is tried and sentenced to fine and imprisonment, for an assault on the Doctor; and we have in his statement, an admirable specimen of his devotedness to the object of the expedition; he is now in prison:—

"In order to frustrate the Doctor's designs, I removed my servant, Martin Bushart, from the ship, to a friend's house, and sent Mr. Ross, the other interpreter, to Port Jackson; so that if the ship's command were wrested from me, there remained no interpreters on board, nor a person who knew the latitude or longitude of Mannicolo. Martin Bushart declared that he would never abandon me, and that should he be forced on board under any other commander, they might beware of the consequences, the moment he landed at Mannicolo or Tacopia."—Vol. I. pages 152, 153.

The second volume opens with an account of the manners and customs of the Friendly Islanders, avowedly extracted from Mr. Mariner's work; so far as the acknowledgment, this "is all fair, and above board;" but it can scarcely be held in any sense reconcileable with propriety, that nearly the fourth of a volume of a work, purporting to be original, should be occupied by a detail already before the public; and beside that Captain Dillon's voyage was not made to verify Mr. Mariner's statement, his reason for drawing thus largely on the labors of another, is a very unsatisfactory sort of plea for having resorted to this expedient to swell his work. If Mr. Mariner's production be "highly valuable and interesting," we submit it should be left in the unmolested enjoyment of its honors. The somewhat inconsistent addition of Captain Dillon, "that the work is in comparatively few hands," supersedes, however, all reasoning upon the subject. Within the limits of this extract, the following startling conclusion is found; the people of Tonga are spoken of,—

"When all things are taken into consideration regarding the connubial system of these people, their notions of chastity, and their habits in respect of it, we shall have no reason to say *but what they keep tolerably well within those bounds which honor and decency dictate*; and if it be asked what effect this system has upon the welfare and happiness of society, it may be safely answered, *that there is not the least appearance of any bad effect.*"—Vol. II. p. 4.

We had purposed to pass over in silence the revolting detail with which the first volume opens, as possessing no interest in connexion with the ostensible object of the work; but we do not think we ought to dismiss it without marking our sense of the wanton and barbarous outrage recorded, which Captain Dillon very properly attributes to the proceedings of the commander of the vessel. Yet whilst we agree that the author's detail fully bears out this opinion, we must add, that the following passage, is not the language of one hostile to such barbarities.

"The chiefs and men of consequence kept away from the ship, being apprehensive they might be detained as hostages, until their engagements* of loading the vessel were ful-

* This engagement appears to have been merely implied.

filled. Captain Robson was very much displeased at this trick played on him, by a savage and cunning people; and vowed vengeance against his old and faithful allies, *whose stomachs he had so often helped to glut with the flesh of their enemies.*"—Vol. I. pages 7, 8.

The benefits should be manifold and great, that Europeans confer in their visits to these newly discovered countries, they are for the most part so dearly paid for by the inhabitants; but these were cannibals,—true; and what are we to call those, who in this instance, supplied these inhuman feasts? Their worst qualities are here taken hold of, and even nurtured to further the ends of traffic; and upon the least imputed breach of faith, they are slaughtered; retaliation naturally follows, and then we have the history of the massacre of the cutter's crew of the Hunter, by the Feejee savages!

Captain Dillon in his preface, deprecates criticism, on the plea of the nature of his education and professional habits, disqualifying him for the task of authorship; but he who is conscious he conveys important and useful information, has not much to apprehend from this cause; whilst on the other hand it must be observed, few have made more valuable additions, or in garb more gracefully befitting, to our store of knowledge in latter times, than the author's professional contemporaries.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

On the Constitution of the Church and State; according to the idea of each; with aids toward a right judgment on the late Catholic Bill. By S. T. Coleridge, Esq.—London, Hurst, Chance and Co. 1830. p. p. 227.

COLERIDGE'S prose is like his conversation, rambling and strange; and often so involved and parenthetical, that it requires a very sharp look out ahead, to see what the man would be at; but ever and anon it is redeemed by some noble burst of intellect and sound principle, and right feeling. We love his poetry, and could scarcely venture to speak evil of him, even if we thought it, which we do not: but we think he would do wiselier not to plunge too deep in politics, for he carries his German metaphysics with him there, and leads one to very little that is practical in his conclusions.

In treating of such questions, however, it is a very great relief to escape from the petty projects, and personal violence of party politicians, to the high and ennobling views of a philosopher, although eccentric or even visionary. The political character of the work precludes us from that minute consideration of its contents, which would otherwise be due to the deservedly high reputation of the author.

Political Fragments; by Robert Forsyth, Esq. Advocate.—Blackwood, Edinburgh; and Cadell, London, 1830.

We used to look on Robert Forsyth only as a man well known to the Edinburgh people, and the Glasgow folk, and the Paisley bodies, as a plodding mechanical sort of lawyer, steady and slow, never brilliant, nor ever silly. His 'Beauties of Scotland' first taught his countrymen that he had eyes for something beyond mere black letter and parchment; and the present little work affords abundant evidence that the study of the law, has not given reason the sole dominion over the less sober faculties of his

mind. To Ireland, and to popery, Mr. Forsyth is kind enough to devote considerably the greater portion of his book; we cannot say, however, that either is very much obliged to him for the character he draws of them, or that they ought to send him a retainer to plead their cause.

It is curious enough, that Mr. Coleridge and he coincide, in regarding the celibacy of the Roman Catholic Clergy, as one of the most formidable political evils of the Romish ecclesiastical discipline. Our practical acquaintance with the men, would not lead us to believe that all personal selfishness is by that means merged in a desire to aggrandize their order. But we are treading on white ashes and have done. Only in return for the kind attentions Mr. Forsyth has bestowed upon us, we can honestly assure him, as the Highlandman did his flummery, that "he need not tremble, for we shall not touch him."

History of the Progress and Suppression of the Reformation in Spain, in the Sixteenth Century. By Thomas M'Crie, D. D. pp. 424.—Blackwood, Edinburgh; and Cadell, London.

THERE is a pleasant saying in the mouths of certain sapient persons, who are fond of echoing smart paradoxes, which they do not understand, "that persecution is very favourable to the advancement of religious sects." The persecution of the Inquisition did not prove particularly beneficial to the interests of the Lutheran opinions in Spain. The number of converts to the reformed belief had already amounted to two thousand persons, most of them illustrious for rank or learning, when the Inquisitors first discovered its secret progress, which they effectually arrested, and crushed the spread of truth, of intellect and freedom, in the bud, by the simple process of extermination.

With the general history of the Protestant Reformation, we may fairly presume our readers are already familiarly acquainted. Its progress in Italy and Spain, in Hungary, Bohemia, and the Netherlands, though infinitely less conspicuous, and less important than in Germany, France, and England, is yet well deserving of a laborious and accurate historian, such as the former two have found in Dr. M'Crie, a man of patient and minute research, and who had already approved himself a worthy labourer in the important field of ecclesiastical history. The present work is well calculated to sustain, and to increase his former reputation. It is painfully and ably written; and though the reader must not expect much that is striking and gratifying in the history of the Reformation in Spain, yet when it is recollected that until now, we were in almost total ignorance upon the subject, which is passed over in all but total silence by every other ecclesiastical historian, he will not be disposed to regard lightly or slightly, the valuable results of Dr. M'Crie's investigation.

Manual of the Weather for the year 1830. By George Mackenzie.—Blackwood, Edinburgh, and Cadell, London.

THIS is a very curious book, but we are sorry to say we do not altogether understand it. The author is of opinion, that the laws which

regulate the weather are as uniform and steady in their operation, as those which produce the alterations of day and night, or the flux and reflux of the tides. He conceives that he has discovered a fifty-four year cycle of the weather, which enables him to predict its state with accuracy, for any given month in any future year. As his observations purport to apply in a general manner to the British isles, there appears to us a great difficulty on the very threshold of the system, namely, that quite different sorts of weather are experienced in different places at the same time. The simplest way, however, of bringing Mr. Mackenzie's skill to a test of which all are competent to judge, is to give his conclusions as to the weather that we may expect in 1830. Thus for the month of January he predicts as follows:

"A few foggy days promise to appear in this month, with some hard frost and snow; but the quantity of both these last combined will be moderate;" (would that our rheumatize confirmed the prognostic,) "and during this month the other phenomena are generally either average or minus. The winds will be pretty evenly distributed, according to their respective averages, in the east, west, north, and south. Few, however, care so much for the direction of the winds, as for the other phenomena; although in the system of the weather, the winds are the levers which raise or produce the effects, as rain, snow, cold, frost, &c."

That a great deal of minute and scientific attention has been paid to the phenomena of the atmosphere, by the author of this little work, we cannot for a moment doubt, but we rather apprehend that he has not been so successful in the practical results, or at least in developing them to others, as he seems to anticipate.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

TO A LILY FLOWERING BY MOONLIGHT.

Oh! why thou lily pale,
Lov'st thou to flower in the wan moonlight,
And shed thy rich perfume upon the night?
When all thy sisterhood
In silken cowl and hood—
Screen their soft faces from the sickly gaze?
Fair horned Cynthia woe thee, modest flower,
And with her beaming lips,
Thy kisses cold she sips,
For thou art, ay, her only paramour;
What time she nightly quits her starry bower
Tricked in celestial light,
And silver crescent bright.
Oh! ask thy vestal queen;
If she will thee advise,
Where in the blessed skies,
That maiden may be seen,
Who hung like thee, her pale head through the day,
Love sick and pining, for the evening ray;
And lived a virgin chaste amid the folly
Of this bad world, and died of melancholy? 8.

SONNET.

There is no remedy for time mispent,
No healing for the waste of idleness,
Whose very languor is a punishment—
Heavier than active souls can feel or guess.
Oh! hours of indolence and discontent,
Not now to be redeemed! ye sting not less,
Because I know this span of life was lent—
For lofty duties, not for selfishness.
Not to be whiled away in aimless dreams,
But to improve ourselves and serve mankind,
Life and its choicest faculties were given.
Man should be ever better than he seems—
And shape his acts, and discipline his mind
To walk adorning earth, deserving heaven.
A. de V.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

London, January 19, 1830.

It was deuced, dry, and despotic, of you, Mr. President, to cut off, at one fell swoop, all the beautiful essay about politics which formed the exordium of my last letter. Did you not perceive how exceedingly that which you did not cut off, looked like the tail of something, without a body? I am an exceedingly grave person, and only touch upon such light matters as those which formed the conclusion of my last letter, by way of relaxation, after the severity of my previous lucubrations, which, for want of affairs of my own to busy myself about, generally refer to the affairs of the nation at large. In very truth, most excellent president, if you will not let me write upon politics, you will deprive me of the pleasure of giving, and your dear public of the benefit of receiving a knowledge of some very profound and important matters, upon which no one, with due modesty be it spoken, discourses more luminously than myself.—By the bye, did you ever hear the story about the "luminous" Gibbon? To be sure you did; but by way of infliction for your treatment of my last letter, I shall tell it you all over again: Sheridan was flourishing away one of his wonderful speeches in Westminster Hall, upon the impeachment of Warren Hastings—Gibbon was in one of the galleries, and Sherry, in recounting the atrocities which he was pleased to attribute to Mr. Hastings, said that not in the pages of those great historians, the profound and accurate Tacitus or the 'luminous' Gibbon, could there be found a parallel to the abominable deeds which he described. Afterwards, when some one told Sheridan how proud and how delighted the English Historian was of having been ranked with Tacitus, and called the 'luminous' Gibbon—Pooh! said the wit, he made a slight mistake, it must have been the "voluminous Gibbon!" I said.

Seriously, people here who are not professional, nor mercantile, nor manufacturing, and of such there be a few, live upon politics for their more substantial, intellectual, food—the subject is one of permanent yet ever varying excitement, and now it is one of painful interest, and yet you have the barbarity to interdict me.—I never shall—never can—forgive you.—Hang me if I ever call you President again.

What can I write about—The Theatres? What do you care about London Theatricals? The Fine Arts? Is not your last Gazette full of them, and "what can I say to you more," as Mr. Moore says in the song. Literary Chit-chat? But was I not in a drawing room lately, where I heard certain threats of an epistle to you, which must, ex necessitate, be infinitely more graceful and more pleasant than any thing I could say about Literary Chit-chat; if you are not already, as I shrewdly suspect, *choke* full of other matters for No. 4.

But a word, a serious one, about the new Life of Byron, whereof every one speaketh, to say nothing of all those who write.

It will go far to fix the already forming opinion about that noble genius, but unworthy man. I scarcely know whether to think it is a good or an evil, that the mere man, Nép, Gordon Byron, should be brought so close to the public eye, as this book will bring him. Assuredly it is an useful thing, and very piti-